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## A different world



146 8 19

### Chapter 1 by Grace1517

I was just relaxing on my couch, surfing the internet and whatnot when I heard a knock on the door. I got up and went to answer it and when I did, there was a man, decked out in full body armor. The sort that medieval knights would wear but smaller and more comfortable looking.

"Hi," I said, "Can I help you?"

The man didn't answer and instead seized me by the arm. He gagged me, tied my hands behind my back, grabbed me and ran. I tried to scream but I couldn't with the gag. We were soon in the forest near my house and I saw many other people come out from behind the bushes and trees. They hurried over to help the man who had carried me, he was breathing hard.

One of them came up to me, "You sure this is her?" The woman asked

"Positive," the man said

"Wonderful, he'll be pleased,"

I cleared my throat as if to ask them to remove the gag so I could speak. They all looked at me and the man walked forward, "Hi, I am Alston,"

"I'm-" I started

"Yes, yes, Titania, I know,"

"Um, okay," I said

"Sir, the gate will be opening soon," one of the henchmen said

"I'm quite aware of that, thank you," I said. "I'm very pleased to find that we have finally been able to..."

"Say what now?" I asked

"You would not understand, not yet anyways," he told me

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I looked around him to see a flash of blue and a portal opening. Alston helped me to my feet and led me into the portal.

On the other side everything seemed to just take my breath away, it was incredible! Avalon was incredible!

Alston saw the look on my face and smiled, "I'm glad you like it, your majesty, after all, it's all yours. That is, other than the king."

"Woah, woah, woah. Hold up, I'm a queen?!" I exclaimed

"Yes, your majesty," he said

I looked around, "All of this, under my control?" I asked in disbelief

"Yes your highness," Alston said patiently

## Chapter 2 by ~Afraser~



"Come, You Highness. You are to meet the King." Alston said

I am just in my around-the-house clothes and I am so embarrassed.

"I am not dressed to see a King. Please."

"Oh but you are, look down."

I look down and am shocked by what I see.

"H... how?"

"That very dress has been waiting for you here for centuries."

I am wearing a beautiful, flowing light blue dress that seems to shine a different colour with every turn.

"Your Highness, if you may, look behind you."

I look behind me eager to see what other surprises are waiting for me. When I do I am

speechless. I have... wings. My wings stretch out to either side of me like a giant, protective canopy. Something else catches my eye. A man with long, wavy brown hair. I have a waterfall of turquoise hair that passes my shoulders.

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Chapter 3 by Snowfall



Titania was led into the throne room by Alston. He bowed before the king and she followed, with a graceful curtsy.

As she stepped forward, the king's handsome features were thrown into relief.

#### Chapter 4 by Grace1517



She sighed, wow. Titania feared the king would be old and gross but he was very good looking. They looked about the same age.

"Titania!" the king's voice boomed, "Finally, my lovely bride has arrived!"

She put on a dazzling smile, "Why of course, you're majesty. I've been looking forward to seeing you."

He chuckled, "So you've been looking forward to meeting me for 2 minutes."

"It would seem so," Titania smiled again

"I think we're going to get along just fine."

"I believe that we will as well Your Majesty."

"Please, call me Estes. No need to be so proper when we'll be married in a couple of weeks."

#### Chapter 5 by S



As she departed from the king's presence, I tucked a note into her hand. Once in her bower, she opened it.

The note was written in a language which shd had never seen before, but still understood.

**Everything is not as it seems. If you value your freedom, ring your bell four times to summon me.**

She had nothing else to occupy her time, so she rang the bell as the note suggested.

I, a haggard little man with three eyes, shuffled into my presence. I prostrated himself before her and kissed each of her feet.

"What do you want?" she raised me to my feet. I possessed, little more than half of her five foot stature.

"I came to warn you. Everything is not as it seems."

"What do you mean?"

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"I'll get better at flying in time."

"No you won't. Your gifts are a mirage."

I clenched the sleeve of her dress and tore it. The whole dress vanished, leaving her in sweat pants and an oversized T-shirt. At the touch of my scissors, the hair returned to its natural brown.

"What are you doing to me?" she looked into a mirror and smashed it with rage.

"I am helping you see past their deception. Why would an honest man send soldiers to kidnap his future bride?"

She didn't reply, but sank to her knees.

"Look into the mirror again."

I lifted her head. Shattered glass from the deceptive outer layer covered the floor. The inner layer showed her true beauty.

A black gown of snakeskin fit tastefully around her. Hooves replaced her feet. Grey antlers and small crimson serpents protruded from her feathered hair and framed her face. Fangs made of literal diamonds glistened against her full, black lips. Owl eyes observed everything without fault. Retractable claws swished in and out of her hands.

She screamed.

"I am a monster," she and all her snake heads said in unison with her helplessly charming voice.

"How do I know that this is not a mirage?"

I held out my hand.

"Scratch me with your claws. If you do not leave any gashes, then the claws are false."

She complied. Blood streaked across my palm.

"I'm so sorry!"

Her snakes stretched along her arm and used their fangs as needles to stitch my wound closed.

"I can return you to Earth if you do not wish to remain here any longer. Those still loyal to you will serve as your guard."

"But I look like something from a horror movie! People would freak out."

"You will regain the disguise you have used for your entire life."

"Why do you want to help me? Isn't it dangerous?"

"I could be tortured for this but I really have."

I showed her the scars on my wrist and neck.

"Who are you?"

"Someone who loves you."

I dared not tell her that I was her true king. My brother was sworn to marry her, but he was assassinated. I loved her since she was born 763 years earlier. I wanted her hand in marriage.

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but my ugliness cut me off from her.

"What if I stay?" her question surprised me.

"Those of us still loyal to you will secure your throne."

"How many of us are there?"

"Enough," I dared not tell her that only five served her. "How do you know if I am trustworthy?"

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. As she did so, a pendant slipped out from under her gown and swung toward mine. They connected with a flash of blue light.

"I saw your pendant. What does it mean?"

"It was a betrothal gift to you from my brother. He passed it to me when he died."

I held out my hand to her.

"Keep it; I'll need a king when this is over."

"You are a gorgeous monster. How could you desire me?"

"Your scars prove your love. Look into the mirror, beloved."

I glanced up. What I saw astounded me. Then the false king burst into the apartment.

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